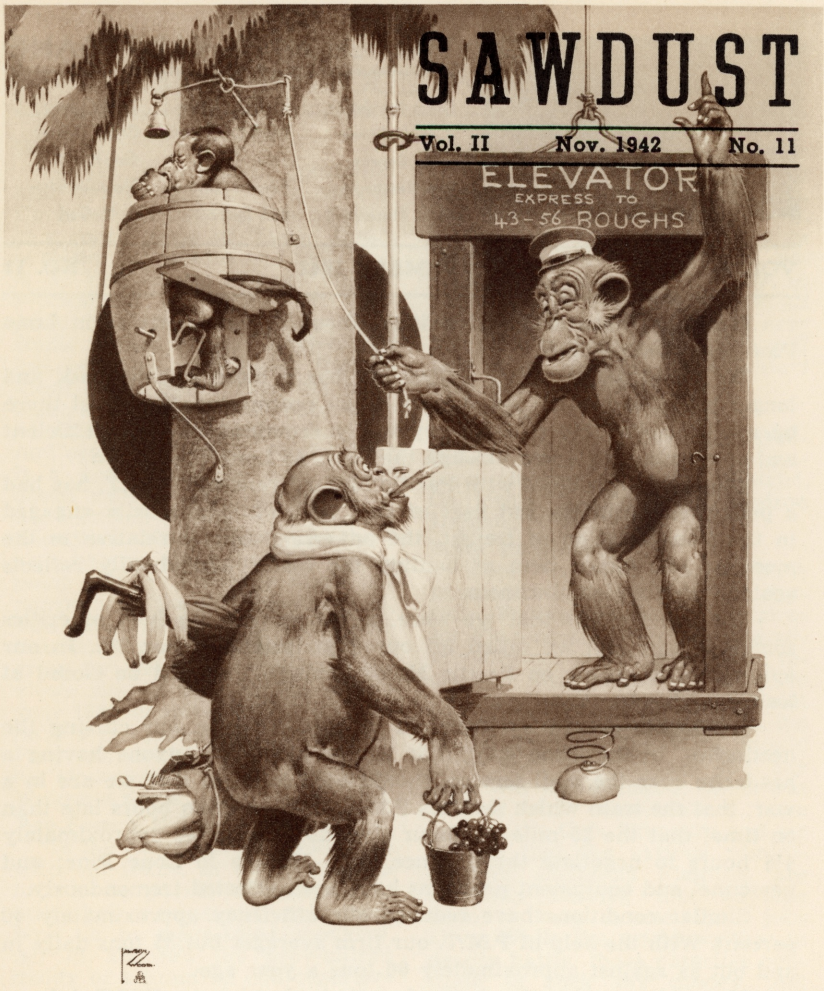
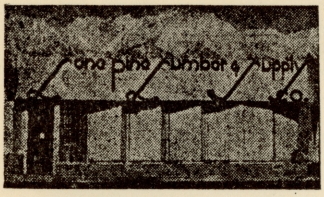


SAWDUST

Vol. II Nov. 1942 No. 11

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.



THE LUMBER YARD GANG

Rudie Henderson	Tom Henderson	Ernest Lasky
J. W. McKinney	Clark O'Connell	Chuck Harned
Jesse Browne	John Hale	Guy Martin
Bob Henderson	Edward Hjeltness	Florence Adair
Laura Thouvenell	Bert Zucco	A. M. Carl

VOL. II **NOVEMBER 1942** **NO. 11**

Much has been said and written about the mail service in Lone Pine and Owens Valley.

We doubt whether any postmaster has a more arduous task and longer hours than is the lot of Lone Pine's postmaster. Nor could there be a postmaster that has so perpetually remained cheerful, efficient and uncomplaining down through the years as Lone Pine's own.

Our discussion deals with Pacific Motor Transport. P.M.T. has had a poor press. And the sad part of it is that while primarily engaged in the transportation of freight, the adverse publicity relative to the more or less minor item of hauling the mails, undoubtedly reflects against their freight business.

We freely grant that we were in the van of the host of critics sometime ago. But we called off our dogs last December 7th. In our opinion, open season on Pacific Motor Transport, should be closed at least for the duration.

Headaches caused by highballs usually result in our cursing the headaches. In the same way, it is our opinion that anyone having a headache over the mail service, should bear in mind that we are in a war; that the train which services P.M.T. is more often hours late than on time; that the 35 mile per hour slow-down requires approximately 4½ hours to negotiate the distance from Mojave to Lone Pine; and personnel and equipment problems have been effected tremendously.

Similar conditions have reduced our efficiency approximately 40 percent. With the help of P.M.T. our firm averages but 35 tons daily in and out as against approximately 60 tons a year ago.

No small consideration is the fact that what injures P.M.T. injures Lone Pine. Pacific Motor Transport, undisputedly maintains the largest pay-roll in this community. Even the Dept. of Water & Power takes a back-seat in that respect. Resident employees, exclusive of Southern Pacific Railway, number from 25 to 40 persons, who with their families comprise a sizeable chunk of this little community's prosperity.

Prevailing conditions, in our opinion, warrant a better break for Pacific Motor Transport. We repeat, let's call off the dogs.

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Oh, oh!

"Rudie Henderson, journalist and writer, aspires to a seat in Congress; his fighting face appears in a recent issue of 'Time.' Rudie is rather pugnacious and feels that H. L. Englebright has not rightly represented his district in Congress. One of the charges that Rudie makes is that Englebright has been an isolationist. Rudie's hindsight is better than his foresight, and I presume the same may be said for Englebright, but the fact seems to be that Englebright is a good politician and he no doubt reflected the sentiment of his district. While I have the friendliest of feelings for Rudie, I also happen to know his viewpoint and it is hardly more advanced than the old Hoover school. The voters in the High Sierra section would not be making any progress by electing Henderson; his views are of the vintage of the year 1900 in spite of the fact that he is a comparatively young man. Progressive ideas are not one of his strongpoints."—L. A. Socialist Welcome News.

Roy French Eulogy

"In the classroom he's Bob Hope with old jokes; in the pool room he's to be pitied; in journalistic attire he's a newspaper man from bow tie to crepe-soled sneakers. All in all he's the gray-haired daddy of a hundred cub reporters who have heard more about his Inyo Independent than they have about William Randolph Hearst." —So. Calif. Daily Trojan.

"Cheer" from Arizona

"Lumber prices are up considerably above what yours were, and it has been my intention to hold you to your original acceptance on these eleven cars or so of timber if and when the market eased up some. On the other hand it seems, that with us, the rest of the U. S. is getting into a worse mess in regard to labor and other restrictions as each day goes by, so what the hell is the use. Cancel all orders if you want to, and if ever this mess is cleared up, which will take some wizards, we will start over even."—W.H.M.

Red Face

"Is our face red??!! Rudie Henderson was defeated in the primary election of the 2nd District, California." — Elbeetee, Hudson Heights, N. J.

WPA Pensioners

"There are still 375,000 WPA pensioners on Uncle Sam's payrolls. Federal Works Administrator Fleming has directed state administrators to reinterview and reclassify this manpower army to see, perchance, why they are not either in war industries or in the armed services. The WPA should have been discontinued the day after war was declared. But it was not. It still constitutes a huge leak in the U. S. Treasury and we suspect that the various administrators, including Fleming, are carefully nursing this wartime dodo to keep it and their jobs alive. While the world writhes in deadly battle, these parasites continue to suck tax money that should be spent in the war effort." —Nevada City Nugget, Nov. 2, 1942.

Bouquet

"I want to drop you this note to tell you how much I thoroughly enjoyed the fine open letter to Major Roy French!"—J.B.L., Los Angeles.

PUTRID AND PERVERTED "COMICS"

To the right is a pernicious little package of Yuletide cheer to the boys and girls of America. SAWDUST definitely does not take pleasure in presenting its readers with the hideous cover of the Christmas issue of "Pep Comics", boastfully alleging itself as you may observe to be "America's Fastest Growing Comic Magazine!!"

Bordering the cover are a few of the milder examples of the contents of the December issue of "Pep Comics". Observe, for instance, in the lower left hand corner how one stub-wristed character by the name of Ice Pick has his brains splattered through his forehead with a shot through the rear of his cranium. Bear in mind that this is a black and white reproduction while its original is printed in lurid colors. Quite illuminating, isn't it?

All of this is supposed to be funny. Anyway the title declares these perversions to be "comics".

To think that a generation ago such innocuous 5-cent weeklies as "Buffalo Bill," "Wild-West," and "Deadwood Dick" discovered in the possession of a 12-year old was a sure-shot one way ticket to the woodshed for a lengthy and bombastic dusting.

"Pep Comics" is not an exception. It is merely one of the scores of publications rolling off the nation's presses monthly by the millions of copies. In fact, "Pep Comics" even has a virtue. It does not include the pornographic, full-breasted, strip-tease characters to be found in abundance in some of its competitors.

Quite naturally an attempt to obstruct the printing of them will bring out the hue and cry of interference with the constitutional rights of freedom of the press. These putrid publications will smirk with a pseudo righteousness behind the skirts of the decent press with the all too true situation that the axe intended for them will also hit the entire field of literature.

The argument is presented that those objecting parents should prohibit their children from buying this junk. Many do just that, only to find their youngsters avidly reading them in wild-eyed intensity at a neighbor's home.

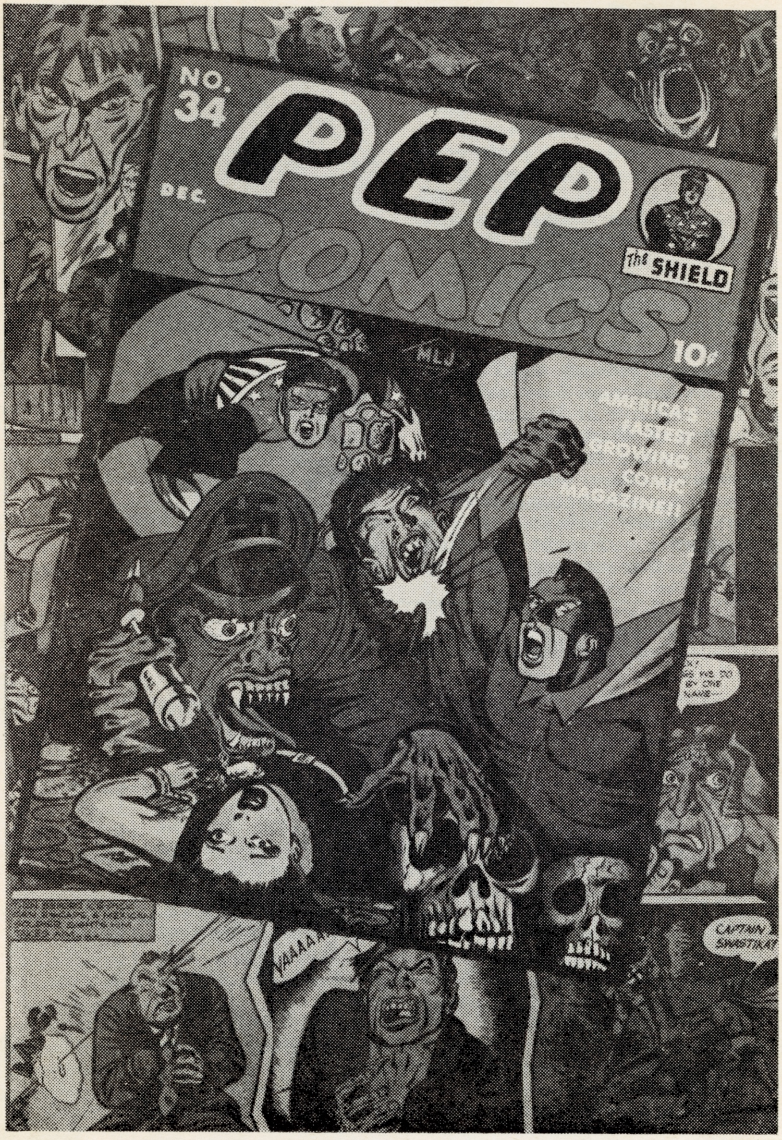
Ample time is being granted by irate parents for the Press to indulge in a little self-disciplining. But the time is getting short. Let the Press take heed that if it is unable to discipline itself, it may on the whole be the innocent victim of a ricochet in which the letter rather than the intent of well-intended legislation may be unscrupulously used against it.

Self-respecting parents are increasingly becoming aroused at finding "Pep Comics" and its prototypes lying about their children's playrooms.

SAWDUST is the last to declare that there "ought to be a law agin it". In our own way we would like to be the rolling snowball that can soon awaken the Press of the Nation to the great danger that confronts it.

The youth of our land is already being reared at a time when the world is writhing in the horrors of war. The bulk of these so-called "Comics" virtually cinch in young minds that the natural way of life is lust, murder, horror and tragedy!

Hasten the day when comics may again relate to sheer fun and comedy!

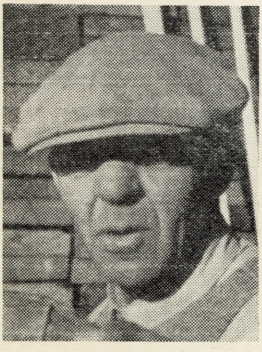

NO. 34
DEC.
PEP
COMICS
THE SHIELD
10¢
MLJ
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!!
YAAAAA
CAPTAIN SWASTIKA

Wallpaper

Our print order will be stepped up with the Christmas issue. So send in your new listings. Boys in the armed forces preferred . . . The night after election, Nov. 4th to be exact, Bob Burns presented a lengthy skit about Hank Henderson running for office "in a small, western, mountain, mining town." Bull-Mooser named Zebb Dow cast the winning ballot. Walter Dow opined after the broadcast that he was getting tired of his old name anyway. The skit was written by Charles Palmer while sojourning at Shangri-Putnam . . . Rudie II, noted for spending last Christmas vacation with the measles, kept up his batting average by again being sick in bed over Hallowe'en . . . Recent long distance touch was request from Denver, Colorado, for $5.00 to tide a soldier over until payday . . . One can't help from worrying about the accuracy of Washington official war reports. The Tokyo raid, Washington positively declared, was made without the loss of a man. Months later Tokyo announced the names of 8 captive pilots, now admitted to be correct . . . Next year we hope to get George Mates' formula. He has what it takes. In our observation, his store front was the sole exemption from Hallowe'en soaping . . . A sight for sore eyes was Bob Loundagin, hale and hearty, and believe it or not, ambitious. He presented us with his annual quota of 4 mallards. Incidentally, a sailor in full regalia ambling about the sagebrush was somewhat of an oddity . . . 3c postage is required on a letter mailed from Lone Pine to Los Angeles, but only 2c if mailed from Manzanar.

Meet the Gang . . .

No. 6



GUY MARTIN

Our rogue's gallery victim this month is none other than Lone Pine's own Guy Martin.

Guy has carved out his own everlasting monuments in numerous ways. He will forever be remembered as the one who turned the first shovel-full of dirt on the Lone Pine-Porterville road. In fact the several miles that have been carved out of the Sierras were by his expert hands.

Guy likewise superintended the construction of the Whitney Portal road.

Guy Martin will soon round out two years in our employ.

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
November — 1925

Jim Rogers of San Fernando accepted a position in Joe Irwin's barber shop . . . Miss Vivian Salazar was married to Glenn Graham . . . "The Enchanted Hill," with a cast including Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Noah Beery, George Bancroft and Mary Brian were on an extended location . . . Leslie Logan ran his Chalmers into some hog wire stretched across Main Street at the Santa Rosa Church, Hallowe'en night . . . Rev. F. C. B. Belliss succeeded Rev. John Beean at the Trinity Memorial Church . . . Rupert Tatum, Union Oil salesman, walked from the Alabama headgates to Lone Pine, when his Chevvy ran out of gasoline . . . Harry Wilson finds father after separation of 31 years . . . Nearly every Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Watterson of Keeler, leave dull care behind and go for a ride in their new automobile . . . Bill Plunkett, Jack Haller, Smoky Salazar and Raymond Ruiz entered into the spirit of Halloween pranks and included in their lesser items was laying Buckshot Burkhardt's runabout on its top, apparently to give the tires a little ease . . . Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Spainhower are now tuning-in on all the programs with a new Radiola Superhetrodyne, fully equipped . . . W. G. Wrigley, gum magnate, who spends millions every year for advertising his famous chicle product, is sold on the latest daring tourist development, a tramway to Mt. Whitney . . . Mrs. E. H. Edwards succeeded Mrs. J. V. Skinner on High School Board . . . J. C. Anton, pioneer resident, died . . . Warner Ramsey celebrated his 14th birthday by inviting a number of his pals to enjoy a banquet in appropriate celebration of the regal occasion . . . The Mt. Whitney Observer pleads for telephones for Owenyo . . . Cash Clarke and Copperstain Bill of Darwin visited Lone Pine this week . . . Jack Hoxie and Fay Wray head cast of Universal company on location to film two westerns . . . Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McLean and Mrs. Anna McLean, motored around Owens Lake, Sunday . . . There wandered into Lone Pine, one DeWitt Wise, purveyor of tombstones, taking orders from the most prospective parties in this vicinity. Mr. Wise was so unwise as to broach the subject of tombstones to Mrs. E. A. Green . . . New chemical plant to be built at Skinner that will be ready for large production next April. The Clark Chemical Company is well known in the east . . . Joe Irwin cornered an animal behind his kitchen stove and finished off the existence of the brute with a high-powered gun. Joe tried to borrow a gas mask to re-enter the place, for the animal, although very much dead, left a bit of sweet (?) remembrance for Joe's hospitality. You see, it was a skunk . . . W. A. Kuhnert will start construction in two weeks on a new chemical plant near the Cottonwood Power House . . . Dick McCoy got into a slight altercation with one of our local young huskies and from appearances received slightly the worst of the fray . . . Mr. Dave Holland motored to Los Angeles to spend Thanksgiving. His ranch was left in charge of Bill Plunkett and Bill Elliott who have kept open house all week.

—SD—

Behind the Bandsaw—

Sailor: "That's a pretty vee neck sweater you have on. What does the 'V' stand for, Victory?"

Girl Friend: "No, Virtuous, but it's an old sweater."

See us for Fuller Paints — made by the West's largest paint manufacturers.